
THE
MARRIED MAN:

A
COMEDY.



THE
MARRIED MAN.

A
COMEDY,
IN
THREE ACTS.

FROM

Le Philosophe Marié of *M. Néricault Desfontaines*. P.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

D U B L I N:

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M.DCC.LXXXIX.

THE
MARRIED MAN

COMEDY

IN

THE





CHARACTERS.

MEN.

Lord Lovemore, - - - Mr. Palmer.
Sir John Classick, - - - Mr. Bannister, jun.
Mr. Classick, - - - Mr. Aickin.
Mr. Tradewell Classick, - Mr. Kemble.
Derimant, - - - Mr. Williamson.
William, - - - Mr. Barret.

WOMEN.

Lady Classick, - - - Mrs. Kemble.
Emily, - - - Mrs. Brooks.
Lucy, - - - Mrs. Whitfield.

SCENE.—LONDON.

THE
MARRIED MAN.

ACT I.
SCENE I.

A Library at Sir JOHN CLASSICK'S.

SIR JOHN discovered at a Table musing.

SIR JOHN.

A SCHOLAR, a philosopher to change his peaceful hours, his nights of study, and his days of fame!—And for what?—A wife!—A wife without a fortune too!—Where was my wisdom?—But young and handsome!—Where was my philosophy?—Where my pride, to do an act at which I blush?—*After sighing heavily, and showing evident signs of uneasiness, he takes up a book and begins to read—Dorimant enters unperceived by Sir John, and seats himself at the table.*

B

SIR

THE MARRIED MAN.

SIR JOHN.

[*Laying down the book.*]

Ah! Dorimant, my friend, it is you I have to blame—You were the cause of my marriage—You painted wedlock with an eloquence that deluded me—Pictured my wife as soft, complying—

DORIMANT.

And is not she?

SIR JOHN.

[*Starting.*]You there—Why do you *steal* upon me thus?[*Angrily.*]

DORIMANT.

Steal upon you—Were not you talking to me?

SIR JOHN.

No.

DORIMANT.

Then you were guilty of very ungentleman-like behaviour, to abuse me when you did not know I was present to defend myself. And suppose I advised you to marry; did not you ask my advice? Were you not charmed when I gave my advice?—Besides, is it possible you can repent?—With what on earth have you to reproach your wife?

SIR JOHN.

Her indiscretion—which keeps me in perpetual torture.—She knows how much I feel on the occasion, and how earnestly I have entreated our marriage might be kept secret; and yet it is her first pleasure the world should know she has a husband—and that I am the unfortunate man.

DORIMANT.

I can easily imagine your desire has not been strictly complied with—but you could not surely think to be married

married half your life without having it sometime or other known to the world.

SIR JOHN.

A secret alliance, formed near two years ago, without my father's consent or knowledge, would expose me to his just resentment.

DORIMANT.

His resentment will be easily overcome—for his obligations to you are so great—his affection for you so tender——

SIR JOHN.

That I fear his sorrow, much more than his anger.—But there is another reason.

DORIMANT.

That indeed has some weight; for you mean your uncle, the old rich contractor, whose obstinacy and inhumanity, if he knew you had married a lady with a fortune unequal to that he means to give you, might cause him never perhaps to give you a shilling.

SIR JOHN.

And, beside these, I have another reason yet, one, which (to my own feelings) is of more consequence than any.—You know I have always made a jest of matrimony, laughed at, and ridiculed all husbands; I am therefore now ashamed, and blush at the title—There is something in marriage that takes from the dignity——

DORIMANT.

Will it take from the dignity of knighthood which you have gained by your learned dissertations? No; nor can there be any reason but your uncle's displeasure why it should be any longer concealed. Certainly you must
pay

pay some attention to that; and it ought to be a weighty consideration with your lady.

SIR JOHN.

So it is, I dare say—but the pleasure of telling a secret weighs heavier far.—After all, she is not the only one who takes pleasure in propagating the news—her sister, to whom you design yourself the *happy husband*, has whispered the secret to most of her acquaintance.

DORIMANT.

I am vext at such indiscretion, and will go to both ladies instantly with my complaint—[*Going, returns.*] And now do you apply yourself to study—and employ all your knowledge to obtain that degree of patience requisite to your state,

SIR JOHN.

And do you furnish yourself with ample store against you marry my sister-in-law, for by Heaven you will want it all.

DORIMANT.

I know Emily well—know all her faults—but love them all—even that pride which disdains me I approve; for while my unfortunate quarrel conceals from her my real name and family, she is right in treating me so lightly.—Yet that she loves me I am convinced; and, the moment my antagonist is pronounced out of danger, I will silence every scruple, by revealing to her that, instead of poor Dorimant, who has no other friend on earth but you, I have a fortune and family as much above hers, as she now believes hers is above mine.

[*Exit.*]

SIR JOHN.

Oh! I long to see you a husband—How mischievous does ill-luck make a man! I have not one acquaintance
at

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at this moment, that I do not wish to see married!
[*He sits down and begins to read.*]

Enter Lucy.

LUCY.

[*Looking at Sir John.*]

Always reading! And never thinking of his wife day
nor night. [*Aside.*—Sir, Sir, her Ladyship desired me
to come——

SIR JOHN.

“Her Ladyship”—Do speak a little louder—

LUCY.

Her Ladyship—Lady Claffick. [*bawling.*]

SIR JOHN.

[*Starting up.*]

Silence!—I thought, Mrs. Lucy, I had a hundred
times forbidden you to make use of that name.

LUCY.

Yes, Sir—but when one forgets, I can’t see what
harm it can do.

SIR JOHN.

You know you were amongst the few who were en-
trusted with the secret of our marriage.

LUCY.

And I have kept it a secret these two years!—Two
years is a long time to hold one’s tongue!

B 3

SIR

SIR JOHN.

But do you not know what I may forfeit by your indiscretion—the wealth of which the displeasure of my uncle may deprive me?

LUCY.

I thought philosophers despised all such dirty dross as gold.

SIR JOHN.

But Mrs. Lucy, although I may be of that opinion, perhaps my children may not, and I may one day be reproached for neglecting their fortunes.

LUCY.

But Sir, your children are yet to come, and a philosopher's talent is to reform the world, but very seldom to people it.

SIR JOHN.

Entrusting you with a secret, Mrs. Lucy, has given you a freedom that may very soon lose you your place.

LUCY.

Oh, Sir! I am sure you know better than to turn a servant away, whom you have been obliged to trust with a secret.—There are many better ways to keep a servant silent.

SIR JOHN.

And this I suppose is one? *[Gives her money.]*

LUCY.

Yes, Sir—and now I'll be silent for a month—and if you repeat this, at the end of that month, I'll be silent for the next—and so on. But, Sir, I had almost forgot my errand—her Ladyship—no—my mistress—not her Ladyship—not your wife—but my mistress—
sent

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sent me to ask if you will permit her to wait upon you here—as she has something particular to speak to you about—Oh! she is here, Sir.

Enter LADY CLASSICK,—exit LUCY.

SIR JOHN.

Have I not desired you a thousand times, Madam, not to follow me here?

LADY.

And I have as many times obeyed you—but at present I want to speak to you upon a subject of so much importance to us both, that I have ventured to disobey your commands.

SIR JOHN.

“Commands!”—You talk to me as if I were your tyrant.—I have but one command—Keep our marriage secret.

LADY.

To keep it an entire secret is impossible; our living so long together, in the same house, though on a pretended visit to the mistress of it, is enough to create suspicion—The world has curiosity and penetration.

SIR JOHN.

And has no longer any doubt but we are man and wife.

LADY.

Indeed!—do they really think so?

SIR JOHN.

Yes—and I fear, say so too.—Why these expressions of joy?

LADY.

THE MARRIED MAN.

L A D Y.

To have you for a husband is a happiness so flattering—a felicity of which I feel myself so proud—that to have it known—would give me infinite delight.

S I R J O H N.

In contradiction to my will?

L A D Y.

—Perhaps the desire is wrong—but if it be my fault (I must own it) would constitute my greatest happiness.

S I R J O H N.

A woman's eloquence is irresistible. [*Aside.*] But did not you promise me that your sister and your woman should be the only persons to whom you would confide this secret?

L A D Y.

And you should accuse my sister, not me—It is she, who has forfeited her word, not I.—I have kept mine but too well. Yet though by the concealment my reputation may be wounded, I submit without complaint—But, if I make this sacrifice to you, suffer me to demand a small one in return.

S I R J O H N.

What is it?

L A D Y.

That Lord Lovemore, either by you or by me, may be made acquainted with our marriage.

S I R J O H N.

The very person of all the world I would most conceal it from; for to him more frequently than to any person, have I declared my sentiments of the marriage state; and in what a despicable light, to him, must my inconsistency appear?

L A D Y.

L A D Y.

No—notwithstanding you are married, neither his Lordship, nor any other person, most intimately acquainted with your former sentiments, can accuse you of inconstancy.

S I R J O H N.

Did I not even rail at marriage?

L A D Y.

Do you not now?

S I R J O H N.

But had not I an utter settled aversion to it?

L A D Y.

And, have you not now?

[Weeping.]

S I R J O H N.

But why should you be uneasy at that? I love you—and should like you better, if you were any thing but my wife.

L A D Y.

And being my husband, I love you far better than if you were any thing on earth beside.

S I R J O H N.

I will not have our marriage declared to any one.

L A D Y.

Yes! to Lord Lovemore—You must consent.

S I R J O H N.

From what motive?

L A D Y.

Excuse me—but be assured it is indispensable; and why have you such a particular apprehension of him? for although his Lordship is a fine gentleman, and in
high

high esteem with the gay world, yet I have frequently heard you speak but slightly of his understanding.

SIR JOHN.

Therefore I fear him—you know I always fear a fool.—It is the fool, who laughs at the faults of wise men, because they are so unlike his own. 'Tis the fool who traduces their character—'Tis the fool who stops at no means to accomplish his evil wishes.—Fools dress to seduce women; lisp, chat, flutter, and even *lie* to win them.—'Tis fools, with whom men of sense cannot submit to quarrel, but must fall, like a poor female, by their slander.

LADY.

Why then this fool, in one respect, has shown himself like you; for he never pays a visit to this house, that he does not immediately come to my apartments to make the same declaration of love, and the same offer of his hand and heart, you once did.

SIR JOHN.

To you?

[Starting.

LADY.

To me—I once thought to keep it a secret.—But—

SIR JOHN.

But that was impossible?

LADY.

Yes—for the encreasing ardour of his addresses makes it impossible to submit to the painful situation any longer—and surely there is no method so effectually and so delicately to put an end to his pursuit, as to declare I am your wife—(*Sir John starts*) At present I will not urge you

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you for a decisive answer—but leave you to reflect upon it. [*Bows, with a tender humility, and retires.*]

[*He sits down to read as before, then starts from his seat and throws the book down in a passion.*]

SIR JOHN.

No—all my study is at an end for to-day—my mind wholly dissipated with domestic concerns—It is impossible for a married man to be a philosopher—and yet it is a state that requires more philosophy than any other.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Another Apartment at SIR JOHN'S.*

Enter EMILY, followed by LUCY.

EMILY.

Has Lord Lovemore called this morning?

LUCY.

Yes, Madam.

EMILY.

Do you think he likes me?

LUCY.

No, Madam.

EMILY.

But I am determined to make him—and you know I will, if I say I will.

LUCY.

And if you should, what then?

EMILY.

EMILY.

Then I shall have the pleasure to tell him I despise him, and that his title, birth, and fortune, could not recompense me for marrying a man who had previously offered himself, and been refused by my sister.

LUCY.

And I cannot help thinking he loves her still.

EMILY.

As much as a beau, who loves nothing so well as himself, can love; and therefore it has long been my design to whisper to him, she is married.

LUCY.

Do you suppose he will love her the less for that?

EMILY.

His love being but a mere compound of vanity and gallantry, I should suppose not—but at least the news will mortify his pride—and why should no other people meet with mortifications as well as I, Lucy?

LUCY.

And I am sure, Madam, it is not your fault if they do not—for you are ever doing all you can to tease every body you know.

EMILY.

If I could please them I should be equally content—but as in that my endeavours are mostly rejected, the only alternative I have to preserve me from idleness is to be mischievous.

LUCY.

Nay, Madam, do not say you please no one, consider Mr. Dorimant.

EMILY.

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EMILY.

And him I have no desire to please; for it is to my disadvantage we should be charmed with each other.—This is the hour he generally calls—Now, Lucy, do something to put me out of humour, that I may break with him at once—Come, talk on some subject to vex me—speak of my sister.

LUCY.

Ay, my mistress—the philosopher seems to have lost all his affection for her.

EMILY.

Pshaw! you know this pleases me—for it in some degree extinguishes that surprize I feel, while I cannot discover by what art she gained possession of a man of sense, in short, of such a man as Sir John.—If he were my husband—as you know I wished him to be—I should have expected him to love me—but to have a tenderness for my sister!—— [*Angrily.*]

LUCY.

And I still believe he has, in his heart, a most affectionate one.

EMILY.

Do you see Dorimant coming?

LUCY.

Why?

EMILY.

That you try to provoke me.

LUCY.

Yes—as I live—here he is.

EMILY.

I thank you then—for you have left me in excellent humour.

Exit Lucy.—Emily sits down, and appears meditating.

C

Enter

THE MARRIED MAN.

Enter DORIMANT, who looks at her some time, while she pretends not to see him.

DORIMANT.

You wish to be alone, I perceive. [*He waits for an answer, then goes on.*] But although I may disturb you, I cannot forbear——

EMILY.

Being very impertinent.

DORIMANT.

So, so—I must be all submission I find. [*Aside.*]

[*He moves to a corner of the room, and sits down, affecting a silent dejection.*]

EMILY.

[*After a pause.*]

I desire you will leave me instantly.

DORIMANT.

Certainly—I will [*rising*—but condescend to tell me wherefore—for if my affectionate ardour—

EMILY.

“If my affectionate ardour!”—What romantic language!—You treat me as if I were a child.

DORIMANT.

But I know you are very far from one.

EMILY.

Indeed!

DORIMANT.

Yes—nothing like a child.

EMILY.

This sneer is insufferable.—I tell you what, Dorimant, I wish to hate you—for indeed you have so many imperfections——

DORIMANT.

DORIMANT.

What are they?—

EMILY.

Oh, innumerable!—You are vain of your person—ashamed of your birth—submissive to your enemies—in-sincere to your friends—with a thousand worse faults; and yet *with them all*—I can't help liking you.

DORIMANT.

As you call my *sincerity* in question, I will give you a proof of it immediately—You are haughty, envious, peevish, conceited, capricious, imprudent—with a thousand worse faults, and yet *with them all*—"I can't help liking you."

EMILY.

No man shall marry me who does not think me perfect.

DORIMANT.

That resolution will not exclude me.

EMILY.

No?—

DORIMANT.

No—for I think you a perfect woman. [*Bowing.*]

EMILY.

But you shall believe I have not one fault.—Go, Sir, leave me—yonder comes my sister, and I am tired of your company.

DORIMANT.

I am all obedience, to show you how you must hereafter behave to me. [*Exit on one side—*]

Lady Classick enters on the other.

EMILY.

How dare he to see one fault in me?

C 2.

LADY.

THE MARRIED MAN.

LADY.

Dear sister, would you have poor Dorimant blind?

EMILY.

Why not, as well as Sir John, when he married?

LADY.

You think *he* was.

EMILY.

But don't mistake me me—I believe his eyes are open
NOW.

LADY.

Not to the charms of every one who may wish to captivate him.

EMILY.

Is there any such person?

LADY.

I have heard so.

EMILY.

Before his marriage there might be, because the ladies all imagined he would be a difficult conquest—But after being so easily caught, I don't think there is a woman in the world would be at the trouble of conquering him a second time.

LADY.

It *would* be a *trouble* I believe.

EMILY.

Without any reward.

LADY.

True—for all the honour he can confer, he has bestowed on me.

EMILY.

And bestowed so much—he has given up all his own.

LADY.

LADY.

Emily, I have too long borne with these unkind insinuations—Reflections cast upon myself I can forgive, but when you make these attacks upon Sir John——

EMILY.

The truth is so glaring, you can't bear it.

LADY.

My dear sister, we will not remain here together, thus eternally to dispute—either you or I will fix upon some other abode.

Enter SIR JOHN.

EMILY.

Oh! Sir John, I am going away—you are just come in to take your leave—I am desired to quit your house instantly—your wife——

SIR JOHN.

Don't let me hear that name.

EMILY.

Why this delicacy—when my anxiety to tell you——

LADY.

If you have the affection of a husband——

SIR JOHN.

I won't hear *that* name.——What is all this?—What do you both want to tell me?—What nonsense?—You have had a quarrel I suppose?

LADY.

Nonsense!

EMILY.

Nonsense—I should not have thought of that!

LADY.

You must know, my dear——

C 3

SIR

THE MARRIED MAN.

SIR JOHN.

I won't be called my dear.

LADY.

Why then Sir John—My sister has behaved——

EMILY.

No—*my sister* has behaved——

SIR JOHN.

Oh! you have both *behave*d, I dare say.

LADY.

Your indifference is unkind.

EMILY.

Every thing is indifferent to him, but what is written in a book.

LADY.

I think so.

SIR JOHN.

Look there now—they are going to quarrel with me.—But come, compose yourselves—and tell me, Matilda, how this affair between your sister and you began?

LADY.

Ask her.

EMILY.

No—tell it yourself.

LADY.

[*After considering.*]

I don't remember how it began.

EMILY.

[*After considering.*]

Nor I either.

SIR JOHN.

The fact is, you have been both quarrelling, and neither of you can tell why.—But pray do not let me interrupt

interrupt you—for nothing is so entertaining to me as to hear ladies disagree.

EMILY.

Then you shall not be entertained at our expence, for we will instantly forgive each other.—Sister, I pardon you sincerely.

LADY.

And I am sure I pardon you.

SIR JOHN.

And do shake hands, to be revenged on me.

EMILY.

With all my heart.

LADY.

And with mine.

[They meet and shake hands.]

SIR JOHN.

And to shew how angry I am, I'll kiss you both.

[He salutes one, then the other.]

MR. TRADEWELL CLASSICK *enters during the Time.*

MR. TRADEWELL.

Well employed upon my word, nephew. *[Sir John starts—and the ladies exeunt in confusion.]*

SIR JOHN.

[Aside.]

My uncle—Confusion!

MR. TRADEWELL.

I am sorry I should intrude upon your private studies.

SIR JOHN.

Sir——

MR. TRADEWELL.

A philosopher, I find, is but a human creature after all!

SIR

THE MARRIED MAN.

SIR JOHN.

Dear Sir—these ladies you saw here—are—

MR. TRADEWELL.

What?

SIR JOHN.

[Aside.]

I don't know what to say.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Finish your sentence—Speak—What are they?

SIR JOHN.

They are *[hesitating]* sisters.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Well—

SIR JOHN.

[Hesitating.]

From the country—and as they are going into the country again—I was taking my leave of them—as you saw.

MR. TRADEWELL.

But what brought them here?

SIR JOHN.

A mere accident.

MR. TRADEWELL.

I don't like accidents when women are in the case—They are the cause of many unlucky accidents—and I would have nothing impede the business upon which I came to speak to you.—I have procured you a wife—I know you have pretended an aversion to matrimony—but that was merely to some of its forms, and in this case something more substantial is to be attended to; the Lady I have chosen is young, handsome, and above all very rich; and some family reasons will make it necessary the marriage should take place within a few days.

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SIR JOHN.

Destruction [*Aside.*—But who is the Lady, Sir!—Perhaps——

MR. TRADEWELL.

There is no perhaps—for she is my daughter-in-law—my wife's only child—and with a fortune—You don't seem pleased—Let me tell you the Lady must not be despised.

SIR JOHN.

Despised, Sir?—No, no—but——

MR. TRADEWELL.

No buts, Sir—You have written against matrimony to make your book sell—So far you did right—I would write against it myself if I could get any thing by it—and I would marry the next day, if I could get any thing by it.

SIR JOHN.

But, Sir——

MR. TRADEWELL.

My pockets are filled with parchments—follow me into your library, there we will look them over, and take care there's no cheating, unless it should be on our side—follow me, for I am growing old, and not so expert at these things as I used to be. [*Exit.*

SIR JOHN.

What shall I do?—What say?—I suffer a martyrdom. [*Going.*

Enter Lucy.

LUCY.

Sir, Lord Lovemore called to tell you he will dine with you to-day.

SIR JOHN.

More good news; [*Aside.*] send to him and let him know——

LUCY.

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LUCY.

We need not send to him, Sir, he is here.

SIR JOHN.

Here!—Where is he?

[*Alarmed.*]

LUCY.

With my mistress.

SIR JOHN.

More good news.—[*Aside.*] Let him know my uncle is unexpectedly arrived—I cannot come to him just now—but in about half an hour—

LUCY.

Oh! you need make no apology, Sir—he won't think the time long.

SIR JOHN.

No?

LUCY.

No—as he is with my mistress, he won't mind waiting—he'll not be impatient—you need not hurry yourself.

SIR JOHN.

If that's the case, I shall hurry myself. [*Exit in haste on the opposite side to where he was going.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *Another Apartment at SIR JOHN'S.*
—LORD LOVEMORE, SIR JOHN, and Lady
discovered.

LORD.

MY dear Sir John, I excuse you most willingly, for I know how much depends upon your pleasing the old contractor, and how difficult it is to please him.

SIR JOHN.

And in one thing he has just proposed, I fear it will prove impossible.

LORD.

What is that?

SIR JOHN.

He has chosen me a wife, and wants me to marry immediately.

LADY.

How?

[*Starting.*]

LORD.

You marry—you—ha, ha, ha, ha—does he know your resolution?—does he know you would not marry the finest woman in the world?—[*Sir John shews evident signs of uneasiness*].—to marry would make you the laughing-stock of the whole town—You, that have laughed at every married man!

SIR

THE MARRIED MAN.

SIR JOHN.

They don't make me laugh so much as they did. [Uneasy.]

LORD.

No—

SIR JOHN.

No—but I think I *pity* them more than I did.

LORD.

And does your old uncle imagine he can prevail upon you to quit a bachelor's life?—impossible—and yet, would you believe it, there are some people in this town credulous enough to report you *are* married—but I take care to vindicate your character.

SIR JOHN.

Thank you—I am very much obliged to you.—

[confused.]

LORD.

No, Sir John, I never will stand silently by, and hear your firmness of temper called in question—the Lady [bowing to Lady C.] I tell them, may have charms to captivate the coldest heart, yet between her and Sir John, I am positive no other than a sincere friendship subsists; for he himself has told me so a hundred times.

SIR JOHN.

I suppose I have—to be sure—you are quite right. [He makes signs to Lady C. who appears anxious to speak, to be silent.]

LORD.

And now, my dear Sir John, as I know you to be not only her friend, but mine, permit me to repeat, in your presence, what in private I have a thousand times uttered.

SIR

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SIR JOHN.

Indeed?

LORD.

And as a friend to us both, exert your friendship for both our happiness—for if my esteem, my love, my adoration of you, beautiful Matilda—

[seizing her hand.]

LADY.

Sir John—

LORD.

Nay, do not frown upon the man who doats upon you to distraction.

[Kneeling.]

SIR JOHN.

[Aside.]

I make a very respectable figure here.

LORD.

But receive my vows—receive my everlasting love.

LADY.

Rise, my Lord, or I instantly quit the place.—*[Aside to Sir John.]* Can you see this unmoved?

SIR JOHN.

Be quiet.

[In great agitation.]

LORD.

[Rising.]

Then let this, and this seal my pardon.

[Kisses her hand with fervency.]

SIR JOHN.

[Running to him.]

Death, how can you be so foolish—you wou'd not marry sure—don't persist, for if you do you will lose my friendship—Let go her hand, there is witchcraft in the touch.

[Endeavouring to part them.]

D

LORD.

L O R D.

Then why do you touch it?

S I R J O H N.

I can, with the coldness of a philosopher.

L O R D.

And would I could—would I were in your situation.

[Sighing.]

S I R J O H N.

And would I were in your's.

[Sighing.]

L O R D.

What do you mean?

S I R J O H N.

I mean—I mean, my Lord, that I perceive your passion is a most serious one; and yet it is my advice you do not give way to it—do not for *my sake*—you know my friendship for you, and how sorry I should be to see you bound by those ties from which only death can release.

L O R D.

Oh! your old fashioned opinion of matrimony I begin to despise.

S I R J O H N.

But I have lately conceived a worse opinion of it than ever—besides, while she persists in rejecting your passion, you ought to submit; unless, in any of your former interviews, she has encouraged your hopes—and in that case——

[with suspicion.]

L A D Y.

I appeal to his Lordship's own honour—If I have Sir, explain.

S I R J O H N.

Ay, come, my Lord, explain—and I will be judge between you.—What hopes has she ever given you?

——I don't mean merely in promise, but in manners, looks, sighs, tears, sadness, joy, or sorrow?——Come, be particular, or you take from me the power of decision.

L O R D.

Why then, to be particular—the first time I disclosed my passion to her, she burst into a fit of laughter—the second time, she insisted on my leaving the room.——But the third time she received me with every mark of kindness.

S I R J O H N.

Very well !

[uneasy.]

L O R D.

My dear Lord, said she——

S I R J O H N.

Very well !

[angrily.]

L O R D.

My dearest creature, cry'd I.

S I R J O H N.

Very well !

[more angry.]

L O R D.

I have, said she, a sister, far more beautiful and amiable than myself, to whom I request you will transfer your affection.

S I R J O H N.

Very well ! [pleased]—and why do you not ?

L O R D.

What ! transfer my affection !—never—no—although she try'd to make me jealous.

S I R J O H N.

Did she—of whom ?

[alarmed.]

D 2

L O R D

THE MARRIED MAN.

L O R D.

That I can't tell—but the ungrateful woman swore her heart was engaged, and that nothing could eradicate the fixed and tender affection rooted there for another.

S I R J O H N.

And can you persist after this, my Lord?—don't—for my sake don't.——

L O R D.

A passion like mine, makes the heart rebellious—it will love on—it will hope, in spite of the rules cold reason dictates.

S I R J O H N.

I know my uncle is impatient for my return, and therefore I cannot remain any longer here—but I am sorry to leave you—very sorry to leave you in this situation, indeed, my Lord—Now promise to get the better of your passion—it will make me much happier if you will.

L O R D.

I can promise nothing——why don't you go to your uncle?

S I R J O H N.

I am going—I must go, or he'll never pardon it [*aside*].—Adieu, my Lord, for the present, and think on my advice—[*Aside, going reluctantly, and turning back to observe.*] This is the first trial of my philosophy.

[Exit.

L O R D.

By Heaven, I begin to suspect what report has told me; that he is the favoured lover—but surely it cannot be—I must be more worthy your partiality than he is?

L A D Y.

L A D Y.

You have your taste, my Lord, and I have mine.

L O R D.

But reflect upon my birth, my title, my fortune.

L A D Y.

Oh! when a heart gives itself away, depend upon it, it never reflects upon the cause.

L O R D.

And is it possible you can yield your charms to a cold philosopher?

L A D Y.

If he is warm to me, his coldness upon all other occasions does me the greater honour—farewell, and believe, that to *whom so ever* I have given my heart, it is gone past recall. [Exit.]

Enter E M I L Y.

E M I L Y.

What still sighing, my Lord?—still repeating vows of everlasting love to one, who will not listen, but while she holds your heart a captive, inhumanly exposes you to the derision of a rival.

L O R D.

Tell me who that rival is, and my obligations to you will be unbounded.

E M I L Y.

If I do tell you, will you promise to fight him?

L O R D.

That is an engagement—I don't like to enter into—and why should you request it?

D 3

E M I L Y.

THE MARRIED MAN.

EMILY.

Because both he and you have offended me, by preferring my sister, and I should like to see you engaged in a duel, through pure revenge.

LORD.

Now I suspect who my rival is—'tis Dorimant, Your jealousy convinces me of it, for I know you love him, and I once thought the affection mutual.

EMILY.

Be not too confident you have found out your rival—you may be mistaken.

LORD.

But I am sure I am not—and he is beneath my notice—I shall yet win her from him.

EMILY.

That is impossible—because whoever Matilda loves—he is her husband.

LORD.

What! [*Starting.*] Married!

EMILY.

Yes, married.

LORD.

Are you sure you don't mistake?

EMILY.

I am sure I do not.

LORD.

Distraction!—my hopes for ever gone—my pride,
my vanity piqued. [*Aside.*]

EMILY.

THE MARRIED MAN.

31

EMILY.

Notwithstanding you endeavour to conceal it, I see vexation painted on your countenance—indeed, my Lord, I pity you.

LORD.

Pity me—that's worse than the loss of the woman [*aside*].—By Heaven, if you think I am chagrined, or even disappointed, you wrong me—I never loved seriously—do you suppose I meant to marry?—ha, ha, ha.

EMILY.

Come, be composed.

LORD.

S'death, Madam, I am composed—[*raising his voice*].—'Tis you, and only you, that make me otherwise—for here I vow, if I feel a momentary pang, the least sense of sorrow, it is solely in compassion to the poor husband—him I pity, even while I despise and laugh at him.—Ha, ha, ha, ha.

EMILY.

And these are your real sentiments?

LORD.

My real sentiments.

EMILY.

I wish Sir John knew them.

LORD.

Why?

EMILY.

Because, from the friendship Sir John has for you, and suspecting your love for the lady, as soon as he is told of this marriage, he will dread the effect it may have on you.

LORD.

THE MARRIED MAN.

L O R D.

Then at once to put him out of doubt, I will go and tell him my sentiments—and we will both laugh at the husband—ha, ha, ha.

E M I L Y.

Do—that is right—now that is just right—

[eagerly.]

L O R D.

But have I your permission to tell the secret to Sir John?

E M I L Y.

Yes, you have.

L O R D.

Thank you—thank you. I am much obliged to you.

E M I L Y.

But you must not say you heard it from me—nor hint you know who her husband is—as indeed you don't; for that is a secret I gave my word not to reveal.

L O R D.

I understand you—you did not absolutely say, but only hinted it was Dorimant—no matter who it is—be it who it will, we will make sport of him.

[going.]

E M I L Y.

That's right.

L O R D.

Where is Sir John?

E M I L Y.

With his uncle at present—come, take a few turns in the garden, and when I find you are in a perfect humour to laugh with him, I'll contrive to send him to you.

L O R D.

THE MARRIED MAN.

33

L O R D.

I am very much obliged to you—you are very kind.

E M I L Y.

Ay, you can't think how I love to do a good-natured action. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E II. *Another Apartment at SIR JOHN'S.*

Enter SIR JOHN and Mr. TRADEWELL, following a SERVANT.

S I R J O H N.

My poor father come so unexpectedly, and so many miles to see me? Conduct him instantly hither. *[Exit Servant.]*

M R. T R A D E W E L L.

What—my unfortunate brother?

S I R J O H N.

Dear uncle, do not behave unkindly to my father, and destroy the pleasure he will take in seeing me.

M R. T R A D E W E L L.

And what is it to you if I do?

S I R J O H N.

What is it to me—strange question!—reflect what *he* is to me, and wonder how you can ask it.

Enter

THE MARRIED MAN.

Enter Mr. CLASSICK, and embraces his Son.

MR. CLASSICK.

My dear son, what pleasure do I feel in seeing and embracing you again—You, the sole support of my declining years—the sole-prop of my declining spirits.

MR. TRADEWELL.

[Going up to him.]

And what brings you here?

MR. CLASSICK.

Sure I may be permitted to visit my own son, without being called to an account.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Your visit, notwithstanding, might be dispensed with—*[to Sir John]*—he does not come so many miles for the pleasure of seeing you—he has some new wants to be supplied, I warrant.

SIR JOHN.

Whatever be the motive, his coming gives me pleasure *[aside to Tradewell.]*—your behaviour pierces me to the heart.

MR. CLASSICK.

To meet my son and my brother both together, is a happiness unexpected—and since it has thus happened, I will enjoy the pleasure the meeting gives me, without suffering the seeming unkindness of *any one* to diminish it.—Heaven bless you both.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Ay, be liberal of your blessings, for you have nothing else to bestow—no other portion to give your son.

SIR

SIR JOHN.

And I value them much more, than all your inheritance.

MR. TRADEWELL.

These are the precepts of philosophy. But by our ordinary rules, a father takes care, and provides for his children. Between him and you the order of nature has been reversed, for these ten years past.

MR. CLASSICK.

And I glory more to live at his expence, than were he to live at mine—the benefits I receive from him come to me like blessings; and their value is doubled by the pleasure I see him take in bestowing them.—But these are sensations which your heart is unacquainted with.

MR. TRADEWELL.

What has made you thus poor?

MR. CLASSICK.

Honour and honesty.—What has made you thus rich?

MR. TRADEWELL.

[Hesitating.]

You know I have been for many years a contractor—had I depended on my honour and honesty, I might have been as poor as you—and with all your contempt of the means of acquiring riches, you have no objection to partake of them—you have submitted to my becoming a father to your son from his infancy; and now, while you, with all your boasted affection, cannot give him a shilling, I am going to marry him to a large fortune, and to settle another upon himself. Does this wound your delicacy?

MR.

MR. CLASSICK.

No—it almost makes me weep in gratitude—but to whom are you going to marry him?

MR. TRADEWELL.

She's the daughter of my wife.

MR. CLASSICK.

I rejoice at such an alliance.—Come, brother, let these approaching nuptials unite us all in love and friendship; forget our frivolous differences, for in my heart I am grateful and affectionate.

SIR JOHN.

Some obstacles may prevent the marriage.

MR. CLASSICK.

Oh no—it has no doubt been planned with too much care.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Brother, it is one of the best contracts I ever made.

SIR JOHN.

But allow me time, Sir, to gain the lady's heart.

MR. TRADEWELL.

A Lady's heart may be gained in a day—sometimes in an hour.

SIR JOHN.

Not such a heart as I would possess.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Well—I'll give you eight days—

SIR

THE MARRIED MAN.

37

SIR JOHN.

That is too short a time.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Not too short to win eight hundred women—I wish I had a contract for as many as I myself could win in that time—and by sending them to the Indies I have no doubt but I might encrease my fortune half a million.

SIR JOHN.

How much soever I may dread your resentment, Sir, I must declare I cannot marry at present.

MR. CLASSICK.

Reflect, my son,

SIR JOHN.

I do reflect, but 'tis too late.

MR. TRADEWELL.

If ye belong to me—but no—it is to him you belong—and him you are like—had you been mine, then you might have been like me, complying, obedient, amiable, and gentle—but till you prove yourself so, I have done with you—nor will I give sixpence to a man, who does not look up to me as a pattern and model for all his actions. [Exit.

MR. CLASSICK.

Follow him, my son, and promise to obey with cheerfulness—he has virtues you should respect—you have obligations which are binding—and this proposed marriage beyond any other.

SIR JOHN.

Oh Heavens!

SIR

E

MR.

THE MARRIED MAN.

MR. CLASSICK.

What is the matter?—Where is your usual joy on seeing me? perhaps my coming has displeased you—if so, seek no excuses, but let me go away, and come another time, when you expect me.

SIR JOHN.

Expect you—Must I expect your coming, to form my features in a smile to meet you?—No—your presence always gives me a joy, no *preparation* could put on.

MR. CLASSICK.

I believe you.—But why thus melancholy?—This intended marriage is perhaps the cause of your uneasiness.—Come, acknowledge your affections are placed upon some other.

SIR JOHN.

They are.

MR. CLASSICK.

Perhaps you are bound by some engagement?

SIR JOHN.

I am.

MR. CLASSICK.

I am sorry for it—but go on—I commend you—Who is the object of your love?

SIR JOHN.

My wife.—

MR. CLASSICK.

Your wife!—are you then married?

SIR

SIR JOHN.

Yes—I consulted affection, and not ambition, and have therefore concealed my marriage; lest the world, as well as you, should blame me for it.

MR. CLASSICK.

Is your wife prudent?—Is she such as you wished to find her?

SIR JOHN.

She is.

MR. CLASSICK.

You then have made an excellent match.

SIR JOHN.

This kindness consoles, and makes me less unhappy.

MR. CLASSICK.

Where is she?

SIR JOHN.

Here in this house, accompanied by her sister, and another lady, who passes for her relation, and the mistress of the house.

MR. CLASSICK.

We must think of some expedient to divert your uncle's attention for the present, and during the delay we may contrive some means to declare your marriage with safety.

SIR JOHN.

But the idea of the event being divulged, after having thus long concealed it, makes me all confusion—sooner or later I shall get the better of this strange humour—but at present I cannot suppress the shame I feel, lest the world should know I am married.

E 2

MR.

THE MARRIED MAN.

MR. CLASSICK.

Do not be ashamed of a good woman—you philosophers are ever searching after novelty, and what could you show the world more worthy their attention than a good wife?—In all your researches, my son, nothing could so well establish yours, as your *children's* fame. What are plants and minerals?—Improve *human nature*, that is the first great work of a philosopher.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at SIR JOHN'S.*

Enter SIR JOHN.

SIR JOHN.

WHERE shall I hide me from my uncle's solicitations?—Where hide me from my own reflections?—Oh! that I could but shake off this idle fear of the world, and own I am married.

Enter LORD LOVEMORE.

LORD.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, [*laughing*] ha, ha, ha, ha, ha—Oh! I shall die—I shall never recover it.

SIR JOHN.

[*Alarmed.*]

What's the matter?—What are you laughing at?

LORD.

At the sight of you.—Ha, ha, ha.

SIR JOHN.

[*More alarmed still.*]

At the sight of me?—

E 3

LORD.

THE MARRIED MAN.

L O R D.

I have such a secret to tell you——

S I R J O H N.

[Earnestly.]

What is it?

L O R D.

It concerns Matilda.

S I R J O H N.

[Starting.]

Indeed?

L O R D.

Yes.

S I R J O H N.

And does it concern any body else?

L O R D.

It does—But you'll keep it a secret?

S I R J O H N.

Depend upon me—What is it?

L O R D.

[Whispering.]

Matilda is married.

S I R J O H N.

[Starting.]

You don't say so?

L O R D.

She is, I assure you.

S I R

SIR JOHN.

You don't say so?

LORD.

I do.—She is married.

SIR JOHN.

But do you know to whom?

LORD.

No—But I guess.

SIR JOHN.

Indeed!

[*Alarmed.*]

LORD.

I guess it is to Derimant.

SIR JOHN.

[*Aside.*]

Thank Heaven!

LORD.

[*Overhearing him.*]

Why do you thank Heaven?—Are you glad she is married?

SIR JOHN.

No, my Lord, very sorry, I assure you!—I would give a good deal she was not—And you, I suppose, are deeply concerned too.

LORD.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha—Do you imagine I meant to marry her?

SIR JOHN.

[*Angrily.*]

You said so before me, Sir.

LORD.

L O R D.

But that was after she had declared her heart engaged, and I knew she would not accept my offer.—I marry! —I become a husband!—I be made the fool of a woman!—Nō, no, no.— [Proudly.

S I R J O H N.

S'death!—[In great agitation.]—And yet wiser men than you have married.

L O R D.

But none so wise as you;—and it is my ambition to be in every thing as wise as you.

S I R J O H N.

Who has informed you of this secret?

L O R D.

That I must not say—nor shall I let Matilda know I am acquainted with it? but redouble my assiduities, still urging her to what I know she cannot accept: and thus, in time, soften that heart which, in time, will harden to all the insipid attentions of a husband.

S I R J O H N.

But have you no respect for him.

L O R D.

Ha, ha, ha—Respect for a husband!—Had you ever any?—Whoever he is, don't you despise him?—But why don't you laugh?—You won't laugh?—You used always to laugh on these occasions.—What a solemn countenance!—S'death—I beg pardon, Sir John—indeed I do.—But a thought this moment strikes me.

S I R J O H N.

What is it?

L O R D.

L O R D.

Nay, perhaps I wrong you—and yet the person who told me this secret had some doubts who the husband was—and upon my soul (forgive me if I am mistaken) by your strange, awkward manner, and melancholy countenance, something tells me—perhaps you are he?

S I R J O H N.

I am he, Sir!

[With violence.]

L O R D.

“No, you don’t say!”—“You don’t say so?”—

S I R J O H N.

Confusion!

[Walks about in great distress.]

L O R D.

Yes—I see it is true—that is the very gait of a married man—How strange, I could not perceive it before.—But, my dear Sir John, pray forgive my having laughed—Upon my honour, had I known, had I conceived you had been the husband, I would not have laughed before your face. *[Stifling a laugh.]*

S I R J O H N.

Refrain from it now then.

L O R D.

I will—And as I know no better method, than by quitting your presence—I take my leave—*[Going, returns.]*—But before I go, can I mediate between you and your uncle, or you and your father?

S I R J O H N.

No.

L O R D.

L O R D.

To the world, however, you may depend upon it, I will paint the circumstance in the most favourable light—I will say, your falling in love was but a weakness attendant on human nature—your shame of owning it; but——

S I R J O H N.

My Lord; my Lord; you'll make me forget myself.—

L O R D.

Sir John, Sir John, you have forgot yourself.

S I R J O H N.

Leave this room, my Lord.

L O R D.

I will—[*goes, and returns.*]—and I'll send your wife to you. [*Exit.*

S I R J O H N.

How painful is my situation.—Shall then the object that was to have bestowed happiness on me, be the sole cause of all my misery?——

Enter D O R I M A N T.

My resolution is fixed; nor do you, Dorimant, attempt to shake it.—I leave London this day, never to see that, or Lady Claflick more.

D O R I M A N T.

Sure you have lost your senses!—What will the world say of you then?

S I R J O H N.

When I am away, that will be indifferent.

D O R I M A N T.

DORIMANT.

But your wife, Matilda——

SIR JOHN.

She has been the cause of all—And having had the pleasure of telling the secret she has a husband, she may now have the pleasure of telling the secret she has none.

DORIMANT.

You cannot be in earnest?—She will not submit to a separation?

SIR JOHN.

She must.—Who's there!—*[Calling at the door.]*

Enter SERVANT.

Desire her—her Ladyship, to come hither.

SERVANT.

[Surprised.]

Who, Sir?

SIR JOHN.

Lady Claſſick—my wife.

SERVANT.

Pray, Sir, which of the Ladies is that?

SIR JOHN.

Do not you know?

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir—But I thought I was not to know.

SIR

THE MARRIED MAN.

SIR JOHN.

Even this fellow is laughing at me.

SERVANT.

No, upon my word, Sir—Ha, ha, ha!—No, indeed,
Sir—Ha, ha, ha! *[Exit, stifling a laugh.]*

SIR JOHN.

See what I am come to!

DORIMANT.

Would I were married to Emily, as you are to Matilda!—And I have hopes my wish will be very soon accomplished: for I have just received intelligence, I may assume my real name, and put an end to every objection she has conceived to me.

SIR JOHN.

Oh! here comes my wife—I am agitated—I dread to tell her what I know she will be concerned to hear.

DORIMANT.

Why, then, have you determined so rashly?

SIR JOHN.

Can I stay, and expose myself to the reproaches of my uncle?—To the jests of the town?—But will you, Dorimant, endeavour to find my father, and tell him my determinations—and tell him also—

DORIMANT.

To persuade you to alter them—That I shall certainly tell him. *[Exit.]*

Enter LADY CLASSICK, EMILY, and LUCY.

SIR JOHN.

I am glad you have brought company with you.

LADY.

My dear Sir John, is it your uncle who is the cause of this seeming uneasiness?—Tell me if it is—and put an end to my seeming anxiety.

SIR JOHN.

Your Ladyship's anxiety may now entirely cease—The wish of your heart is fulfilled—Our marriage is publicly known—I am congratulated every moment by one friend or other, and it is to you, Ladies, I am under the obligation.

LADY.

I had been insincere, could I have denied the pride it gave me to be supposed your wife—But if ever that pride tempted me once to drop a hint—except to the Marquis—

EMILY.

And I call Heaven to witness, I never breathed a syllable of it, except to half a dozen of my most intimate friends, and people whom I knew would be as particular not to mention it, as I myself would be.

LUCY.

And I wish I may not stay another hour in my Lady's service, if I ever told it to a single soul except Mrs. Fringe, the milliner, and Mr. Puff, the hair-dresser; and I am sure they never mentioned it again, for they promised me they would not.

F

SIR

THE MARRIED MAN.

SIR JOHN.

No more of this—I have done with my accusations—I have done with you all too.—I leave London this night, and it will be some time before you hear from me.

LADY.

Oh Heaven! I cannot survive this.

SIR JOHN.

Are you not known to be my wife?—What more would you require?

LADY.

Require; my husband—not thus to be abandoned—Left unprotected.

SIR JOHN.

I shall leave you in the care of my father; and he will protect you from the insults of my uncle.

LADY.

But who is to protect me from the insults of the world?—Protect me from that fixed affection rooted in my heart for you?—And from the remembrance of your unkindness?

SIR JOHN.

Could you live with me in the retreat that I shall fly to?—Could you quit the pleasures of the world?

LADY.

To me the pleasures of the world, can only be where you are.

EMILY.

THE MARRIED MAN.

51

EMILY.

I am out of all patience—Oh! that you were but my husband!

Enter DORIMANT.

DORIMANT.

As I went out, Sir John, I met your uncle and your father, both returning—and your uncle communicated to me a project he means immediately to put into execution.—He has been informed of your marriage, that it took place abroad, and without all the due forms to render it legal—He therefore means to annul it.

LADY.

Oh Heavens?

SIR JOHN.

Annul my marriage?—Let him—then openly, and in the face of day, I'll marry her again.—[*Going, and taking her band.*]—Annul my marriage?—Make void the happiest action of my life?—An act which gave to my gloomy mind a friend, a soothing partner to reform it.

LADY.

Is this my husband?—

SIR JOHN.

Yes—but, in the fear of losing you, a lover still.

EMILY.

Now, would you were my husband in good earnest!

SIR JOHN.

What ceremonies were wanting?

[*To Dorimant.*]

F 2

LUCY.

LUCY.

Indeed, Sir, I don't think the parson or you forgot one.

SIR JOHN.

And pray what said my father to my uncle's proposal?

DORIMANT.

At first he pleaded for your union to be acknowledged; but upon your uncle declaring, that on those terms he would disinherit you, he appeared to submit.

SIR JOHN.

I will go to them immediately, and my uncle shall find——

LADY.

Wait till his resentment may, in some measure, be abated!—Oh! for me to be the cause of your ruin!——
[Weeping.]

SIR JOHN.

Retire, my love, and do not appear till I send for you—But remain in full confidence, that if I give way to my passion, it is for your sake—or if I suppress it, it is still for you. [Exeunt with her, Lucy following.]

EMILY.

This situation, in spite of myself, makes me compassionate them both—and in spite of myself, it makes me long to be married.

DORIMANT.

I should hope I caused that desire more than any thing else.

EMILY.

EMILY.

You?

DORIMANT.

Yes—and when you are my wife——

EMILY.

I your wife?—I should be glad to see it.

DORIMANT.

I know you would—and so should I.

EMILY.

I marry a man without family or fortune!

DORIMANT.

Sir John is my witness—I have both, enquire of him, and be convinced.

Enter LORD MORELOVE.

LORD.

Dear Lady, I this moment parted from Mr. Tradewell Claslick, and he assures me he is going to set aside your sister's marriage.

EMILY.

Very true, my Lord—and this is the time for you—a woman disconsolate and forsaken.

LORD.

But she shan't be forsaken; in spite of all I may have said, I have a great mind to go and offer myself to her again.

F 3

EMILY.

THE MARRIED MAN.

EMILY.

And if you do, my Lord, I'll answer for the event.

LORD.

You advise me, then.

EMILY.

I do—for it will give me great pleasure.

LORD.

[Bowing.]

You are very good—you are, upon all occasions, my good friend—You first discovered to me the marriage, though you could not tell me with whom—and then, unfortunately, you sent me to laugh at the very man himself.

DORIMANT.

How then can you offer yourself on the present occasion? for he, no doubt, has told her what you said.

EMILY.

No matter, his Lordship can unsay it—he can go and protest to Sir John, what he said was the mere effect of resentment; for that while he laughed, he was ready to cry.

LORD.

If I thought such an acknowledgment would have any effect——

EMILY.

Depend upon it, it will have great effect.

LORD.

Where is Sir John?

EMILY.

THE MARRIED MAN.

55

EMILY.

I believe, at present, with my sister—go, go, make atonement.

LORD.

You will answer for my reception?

EMILY.

That I will.

LORD.

Thank you—thank you—and I think I can answer for it myself. *[Exit.]*

EMILY.

Ha, ha, ha! Sir John deserves this recompence.

DORIMANT.

But I doubt it is less in recompence to Sir John, than in spleen to his Lordship.

Enter MR. CLASSICK, and MR. T. CLASSICK.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Oh the great scholar, that could not learn to live single a few years—the great philosopher, who scorns to understand the value of money: nor from me shall he ever know the comforts of it; for I disinheret him, but upon one condition—unless he consents to declare his marriage invalid.

EMILY.

[Coming forward.]

Abandon a wife whom he has sworn to love and protect!—and who is to forgive you for making such a proposal?

MR.

THE MARRIED MAN.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Oh! your humble servant, Madam—What, you are the pretended wife, I suppose?—you are the Lady who has ensnared him?

EMILY.

Ensnare—ensnare a man with his head fortified with Latin and Greek, and his heart made hard with philosophy.—You might as well suppose a poor honest tradesman could ensnare a rich, hardened contractor.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Here's a vixen—reflecting on the means by which I have acquired my riches—But let me tell you, Madam, my nephew's marriage is an illegal one, and I will take care to make you both ashamed of it.

EMILY.

In that case, we cannot retaliate, for I suppose there is not any thing you would be ashamed of.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Is this the gentle spirit you described to me?

[To Mr. Classick.

MR. CLASSICK.

Such was the character I received—but give me leave to say, madam, you have departed from it.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Oh what a bargain this great man has made.

EMILY.

Not so good a bargain as some of yours have been.

MR.

MR. TRADEWELL.

But while he acknowledges this woman, his crime shall be his punishment—I will no longer be his banker. Let him apply to his studies—a philosopher can extract gold from base metal.

EMILY.

And a contractor can extract it, from every thing that comes in his way.

MR. CLASSICK.

Let us be gone, brother. *[Going.]*

DORIMANT.

Be patient, gentlemen, for I assure you this Lady is not the wife of Sir John.

MR. TRADEWELL.

I know she is not—and I'll have it proved.

EMILY.

[To Dorimant.]

And do you pretend to say Sir John is not lawfully married?

DORIMANT.

No—I did not say that.

MR. TRADEWELL.

How, Sir, do you contradict yourself? Pray were you the witness to a legal marriage?

DORIMANT.

I was.

MR.

THE MARRIED MAN.

MR. TRADEWELL.

There, you see she has brought him over [*To Clafick*]—this man I have often seen at Sir John's; is, I dare say, some poor relation, or some attorney.—I'll put him to the proof—[*To Dorimant, aside.*]—Hark you, Sir, do you mean to be a witness on the trial, and swear she is the lawful wife of my nephew?—Here, take this purse—[*gives it him.*]—and tell me now, what you will swear?

DORIMANT.

What do you wish me?

MR. TRADEWELL.

That, that lady, is not my nephew's lawful wife.

DORIMANT.

I will swear it.

MR. TRADEWELL.

And keep your countenance?

DORIMANT.

And keep my countenance.

MR. TRADEWELL.

You are cleverer than I thought you—a perfect man of business.

DORIMANT.

But I'll swear it without your purse. [*returning it.*]

MR. TRADEWELL.

He is no attorney, after all.

Enter

Enter LORD LOVEMORE, and goes to EMILY.

L O R D.

Do you know I have made myself ridiculous!

EMILY.

Is that possible?

L O R D.

They both laughed at me.

EMILY.

And why did not you laugh again?

L O R D.

I did—but that did not prevent their laughing on.

Enter SIR JOHN.

MR. TRADEWELL.

[going to him.]

I can tell you what, Sir—notwithstanding the trick you have played me, I am going to do you a kind turn for it.—I am going to take your wife from you; and you should be obliged to me, for taking away such a termagant—She has treated me——

MR. CLASSICK.

It is true—she has treated your uncle in a manner unworthy the woman you should love.

SIR JOHN.

My wife?—it cannot be!—

Enter

Enter LADY CLASSICK, SIR JOHN meets her, and takes her hand.

SIR JOHN.

Here is my father and my uncle, who both accuse you of treating them with disrespect—Is it possible my Matilda can deserve such a charge?

LADY.

In aspiring to be yours I own my offence—but in no one circumstance else, has even my heart, much less my lips, presumed to offend—nor had I ever, till this moment, the confusion to appear before either of them.

EMILY.

But I, knowing the cruel design of these gentlemen, took the liberty to represent my sister, and behaved on the occasion as she ought to do.

LADY.

[To Mr. Classick.

In what do I merit the severity I am threatened with?—In having complied with the desires of a beloved son, can I be the object of his father's resentment?

MR. CLASSICK.

In you, Madam, I approve my son's choice, nor would have it changed, had he the power to make you happy. But without the concurrence of his uncle, you must live in poverty, and his determination is fixed.

LADY.

THE MARRIED MAN.

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L A D Y.

[To Mr. Tradewell.

To you, Sir, I have nothing to offer in my behalf, except my tears, my heart wounding sorrows.

MR. TRADEWELL.

I refuse those offers.

L A D Y.

Accept, then, my submission.—To have gained your approbation, I would have *knelt* and *suppliated*; but as that must not be—suffer me to kneel and plead for a nephew, to whom you have ever been indulgent—Let me not be the cause of his misfortunes—Pardon him—take him to your heart again—and, hard as the task is, I consent never to see him more.

MR. CLASSICK.

What's the matter, brother?—You hesitate.—

S I R J O H N.

Dear uncle, if you feel the least ray of pity—

MR. TRADEWELL.

For the first time in my life, I do.

S I R J O H N.

Then cherish it.

G

M R.

THE MARRIED MAN.

MR. TRADEWELL.

[After a pause, as struggling with his inclination.]

I will—and give my consent that you shall cherish your wife.—*[Gives her to him.]*—And yet I cannot but be sorry she was not like her *[pointing to Emily]*—that when she knelt, I might have thrown her from me—But as it is—as it is *[struggling]*—I can't help forgiving her.

SIR JOHN.

Oh! my Matilda! who can doubt your power?

EMILY.

Since she has proved it there—*[pointing to Tradewell]*—What's the matter, my Lord?—You look concerned?—Can't you, as usual, laugh at your disappointment?

LORD.

Ha, ha, ha—*[affecting to laugh—he stops short]*—No—I can't laugh so well as I did—And I believe it would be much easier for me to shed a few tears.

DORIMANT.

Nay, my Lord, for once, if possible, forget your disappointment, and partake the joy of your friends.—My happiness is superlative, for Emily has just consented to be mine.

SIR JOHN.

I have been an impostor—for while I could equivocate with my friend, and blush at being the husband

THE MARRIED MAN. 63

band of such a wife as this, I usurped, like many others, the title of philosopher, without having a claim to it.

MR. CLASSICK.

And believe me, my son, while you fill the station as you ought to do, no title is more honourable than that of a MARRIED MAN.

THE END.



